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22 Oct 58
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BIOGRAPHY OF AN EMIGRANT

SOOBTSOKOP Tcherin Tuoibich

1. My parents' background and my close relatives.

1) My father's name is SOOBTSOKOP Tu Hamisovich. I do not know his exact birthdate but I suppose that it was somewhere between 1870-1873. Nationality - Circassian. Our family used to live always in the village (aul) Tahtamuka which is now the center of a rayon in the Autonom Adigeiskoy oblasti of the RSFSR. My father was a farmer and owned about 50 hectares of land. Tobacco and wheat were the main crops. Besides that, my father was raising cavalry horses for the army. He maintained a small drove of horses, had 6-7 cows and few hundred heads of sheep. Hired help was used. According to Soviet standard my father belonged to the kulak class and later on was as such dispossessed. My father had never a position in any kind of administration and was not prosecuted prior to the establishment of the Soviet government.

Up to 1930 the Soviet government confiscated cavalry horses from my father's farm. In 1930 the complete collectivization was put into effect. Rumors started spreading among the Circassians, that in the new kolkhozes all Circassians will have to sleep under one cover and in one building. The inhabitants of six big villages decided to go to the city of Krasnodar in order to defy with pitchforks and axes the collectivization. My father participated in this march. On the banks of the river Kuban they were stopped. The womenfolk was sent home, but the men arrested, among them my father. Some of the participants were let free after a very short time but my father was kept till 1931.

When my father returned from prison, our village (aul) had become a kolkhoz. The kolkhoz had taken over our land, our livestock, our barn where we used to process our tobacco crop, and two livestock barns which were destroyed and the lumber carried away. Only one cow was left for our family. However, our family could not become members of the kolkhoz. All this amounted to a plain act of robbery (raskulachivaniye). 1933 we became members of the kolkhoz but only my father and mother were permitted to work there. The responsibility for the sowing and the growing of wheat belonged to three elderly men in our kolkhoz. One of them was my father. 1936 they sowed the wheat by hand without using the proper machinery.

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For one reason or the other this year the wheat did not sprout. The three old men were accused as "wreckers" and arrested. My father was in prison till 1938. During this time only my mother and I belonged to the kolkhoz. 1938 my father returned from prison but had to work from now on as a regular kolkhoznik.

In 1943 the Soviets occupied again our village after the retreat of the Germans. A group of Soviet partisans were the first ones to enter our village. Among them was a Circassian PETRUKH Temruk. He arrested three elders, among them my father, and executed them near our barn, because they had allegedly helped the Germans. Actually, these elders had only collected money among the villagers in order to throw a big party for two German Generals who had visited our village. At that time I was not home and learned about father's execution only at a later date.

2) My mother Dedy Kurash was 6 to 7 years younger than my father. She was never apprehended. I lost contact with her after my evacuation with the retreating Germans, which happened around February 1943. Since then I never have heard anything from her. Much later some other Circassians told me that she has died in 1947.

3) My brothers and sisters:

Altogether I had six sisters and four brothers. 5 sisters and two brothers are dead. One sister died 1926-27 during a childbirth. The rest died 1921 during a cholera epidemic. Mother used to tell me how the cholera had finished up most of our family. All this has happened before my birth, therefore I do not know any details. Two of my deceased sisters left boys behind them. The son of one sister was called Mahmud and of another - Kaderbech. The latter was older than I.

4) The name of my alive brother is SOOETSOP, Mos; born December 12, 1906. He lived with the family till 1931. In this year my father returned from prison and my brother broke officially with his parents in order to obtain the confidence of the Soviet government. Our family belongings were not divided on this occasion because we did not have any. He went to Krasnodar and worked as a locksmith in a nail factory. 1932 he became a member of the Communist Party. 1935 he returned to our village and became chairman of our village kolkhoz. He lived separated from us and tried not to have any contact with us. 1936 he was sentenced to two years of hard labour for not having fulfilled the annual grain delivery quota of our kolkhoz as established by the contract. Actually my

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brother had delivered the requested amount of grain, but he had not sold the surplus of it to the government but had distributed it among the kolchosniki, about 2.5 kilogramm grain for each labour day. My brother was brought first to the prison of Krasnodar and after that to a labour colony for hard labour near the same city. 1937 was the year of the great purge, known by the name Jeshovshchina. Mass arrests started and my brother was transferred for interrogation from the colony into a prison belonging to the oblasti NKVD in Maikop. There was the following reason for it: An old emigre Kilich Girey who was living abroad had written a letter via Turkey to his relatives inserting the following phrase "With God's help I shall return, and we will meet again". This letter became known to the chief of the oblasti NKVD Dolgopiatov. He interpreted this sentence that way, that the emigrants are planning an overthrow of the Soviet regime and a return of all emigres to their homeland. Mass arrest started at once. There was hardly a family who did not suffer great losses. All prisons were overflowing. My brother was being questioned. The investigation continued up to 1938, till finally Dolgopiatov himself was arrested as an "enemy of the people". Now some of the arrested were set free, among them was my brother. For some month he was unemployed. He asked the Party to be reinstated but to no avail. Soon he became manager of our village store which belonged to the village Soviet. 1938 he was arrested again because he had failed to report to the authorities the two embezzlers whom he had caught red handed in the store. Under the criminal law paragraph 111 he was sentenced to 1 1/2 year prison for neglect of duties. 1939 he was released and got a job with a local construction outfit. 1941 he was arrested and investigated by the Krasnodar NKVD; what for --- I do not know.

Shortly before the war started he was released and returned to his old job, where he remained till the beginning of the war. From there on we were always together.

50. My sister Suret Tleptserishe was born in about 1921. She lived with us until about 1938/39, then she got married to a veterinary of our raion. In the beginning of the war he was called into the army as a captain - veterinary. Fall 1941 he came on furlough from Krasnodar to our village. Since then we lost contact with him. 1957 I learned from other Circassians who had some information from our village that my sister is still living there. I, personally, never tried to contact her.

I have no other close relatives in the Caucasus. After my evacuation by the Germans I neither received nor wrote letters to my village.

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MY PERSONAL BIOGRAPHY

My Childhood

I was born August 24, 1924, in our village (aul) Tantamukay, raion center of the Autonon Adygeyskoy Oblasti RSFSR. I lived with my parents until 1930 or 1931. I entered the local primary school (semiletka) and finished her in 1939. I remained in the second grade two years. 1936 this school was changed into a high school (desjatiletka) and I graduated from the eighth grade. Spring 1939 having finished the eighth grade I became bookkeeper in the administration of our kolkhoz. I had to register the workdays of each kolkhoznik. I personally received 0.75 work days for each day I worked. I did not plan to finish high school, because I wanted to join the army; her uniform had impressed me very much. Beside that I knew that some village inhabitants had gotten better jobs than others after having served in the army.

The secretary of our village Soviet Dedi Doll was a remote relative of my mother. I begged him to change the date of my birth, so that I could be drafted in fall 1940. He obliged and I was about to be drafted. But instead of that I was arrested and thrown into jail. With two other guys also were about to be drafted we went to a restaurant, got drunk and insulted the waitress there with ugly words. Under the criminal law paragraph 74, we three were sentenced to one year prison for improper behavior (booliganstvo). The first two weeks we were in a transit prison in Krasnodar. Most of the imprisoned, me included, were then transferred to Bjelostock in order to build there a big military airport. There we worked till the war started.

My AWOL and homecoming

June 22, 1941 after having received the news about the outbreak of the war, we were assembled at 4 o'clock in the morning and marched off in an unknown direction. We marched two days without rest. On our second day our group was split in two parts. In one group were put all who had only short term sentences, in the other the political prisoners were gathered. We, the short term prisoners, were dispatched to the city of Smolensk in order to go there before the draft board and to be drafted into the army as defenders of the great fatherland. When we started on this march we had very few guards, before the end of the march even they had disappeared. We arrived at the camp located 4 kilometers from Smolensk. There we were issued at once "certificates of premature release" (spravka o dosrochnoy osvobozhdenii), because they had been made up already.

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I arrived in this camp with the last group and when I asked for my certificate, it was missing. However, another one was made up at once and handed to me. Having all received the above mentioned certificates we were supposed to go to Smolensk and present ourselves to a drafting board (Voenkomat) in order to be drafted. Instead of doing this I went home to the Caucasus. Two weeks after my arrival in the village my friend Mahmud Guebetil visited me. He had been sentenced to 5 or 6 years hard labour and had worked with me at the construction of the military airport in Bjeleostok. He did not belong to the short term group and could not be released prematurely for this reason, he could not get the certificate. So in order to receive it anyhow he had used my name and had obtained my certificate. Now he was here as - a double of me. He asked me not to report him and he promised to go to Krasnodar at once to get himself a passport under my name and after that not to return to our village. I agreed.

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Service in a labour battalion

I stayed home till fall 1941 and did not work anywhere. September/October 1941 our entire village youth, me and my brother Mos included were drafted into some labour battalions. We all were dispatched to a Cossak village Dinskaya near the river Kuban. We did not receive neither uniforms nor weapons. We had to dig there trenches. First we worked near the city of Bagajek close to Rostov. We were digging trenches and building fortifications. That way we were alternately working or re-treating the whole winter. Spring 1942 we were already near Armavir. A rumor started spreading that we would be shipped to dig ditches in the Crimea. This I did not like. I went AWOL and returned home. There I was hiding in the woods and came visiting my mother only at nights. This way I lived until the Germans arrived in August 1942.

My life under the Germans

August 1942 the Germans seized the Autonom Agidayskiy Oblasti and soon they established a new civil administration in our raion. The Germans based their rule on the "Council of the Elders" because these supported them enthusiastically. Upon the recommendation of the "Council of the Elders" the Germans installed my future father-in-law as chief of our raion. He was held in very high esteem by the Germans and they asked him even to move for this purpose from another district into ours. Under the Soviets he used to be chief of supplies in one of the local guard units protecting our watersupplies. He never was a card carrying member of the party.

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Upon the recommendation of the "Council of the Elders" I was installed as head of our local militia. I was asked to appear before the "Council of the Elders" and there the Germans looked at me with amazement considering me much too young for carrying such a responsibility. But I told him that I was born in 1918. After that the Germans gave me the position. Here I was subordinated to the Chief of the raion who was my future father-in-law.

My responsibilities were:

- a. To lead the fight against the Soviet partisans.
- b. To catch people who were maintaining contacts with the Soviet partisans.
- c. To prevent the flow of supplies to the Soviet partisans.
- d. To assist the Germans in requisitioning food and hay from the population.
- e. To search houses for hidden Soviet uniforms. The Germans needed these uniforms very much.
- f. To maintain law and order in our village.

We caught altogether 8 Soviet partisans and turned them over to the Germans. Some Russian families kept on living in our village, they were mostly former employees of banks or finance institutions. There was always an inherited danger that these people might establish clandestine communications with the Soviet partisans. Therefore the local police force had to evacuate them. I held this position till January 1943.

My service in the German Army

Middle of January 1943 I voluntarily joined the German army and was sent to the 835th battalion, where soldiers were former POW belonging to the different Caucasian nationalities. This battalion was holding defense position in the Cossak village Kalushinskaya of the Krasnodar kray. C.O. of the battalion was a German captain Krupanek. C.O. of the first Company, to which I belonged was a Circassian from our village, Diepsh Tuguz (he is at the present time in Turkey, but is planning to emigrate to the U.S.A.).

Tuguz being present I told the battalion C.O. that I had finished the military academy in Ordzhonikidze, that I had served in the RKKA as a lieutenant and that I had gone AWOL. Tuguz knew that this was not the truth but he confirmed anyway what I had said and then upon his recommendation the battalion C.O. put me in charge of a platoon with the rank of a platoon commander. Our battalion was until february 1943 in Kalushinskaya. At this time the Soviets started their attacks along the entire front line and the Germans began to retreat. We had pitched

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battles around the village, around Krasnodar and in some other places. We even participated in the defense of the Kuban bridgehead. The defense could be maintained there till August 1943.

August 1943 I was wounded in my right shoulder and sent to a German military hospital in the town of Melitopol. There I remained till October/November 1943.

Released from the hospital I was sent to the Caucasian legion, which at that time was being assembled near Warsaw. I belonged to this legion till January 1944. Then I was transferred to a battalion "Bergmann" which was a Caucasian too and which was holding defense positions near the city of Nikolaev. To this unit I went having German military travel orders.

My Participation in the Evacuation of People belonging to the Nationalities of the Caucasus.

Having arrived in Odessa I had my papers checked with the local German Commandant. This was necessary in order to obtain quarters for the night. Leaving his building I suddenly met there the German Lieutenant General von Foerster, whom I knew well since he had been once in my home village where he had been greeted with all due honours. I told him all about me and he asked me to come the next day to his headquarters. When I arrived there he explained to me the situation as follows: There are great masses of Circassian and Kabardin escapees in Odessa, around 3000 people. These people have come from the Caucasus and now want to go West but the Romanians are not permitting them to drive through their country unless they do have German military leaders. For this a man from the Caucasus who speaks German and some Caucasian languages is necessary. Von Foerster put me then in charge of this people and changed accordingly my travel orders. This new job was to my liking and I agreed gladly. New travel orders were issued to me. Simultaneously orders to all German commandants in Romania were given ordering them to render me all the needed assistance, to provide me and my group with food and quarters. When I joined this wagon train I met there many old friends, among them my brother, my future father-in-law and his daughter whom I married during the trip in 1944. This train had about 800 wagons.

February/March 1944 I led the wagon train through the town of Konstantau and we reached Ploesti. April 1944 I got married to Goshmasho Dzhamirze who was travelling in our train. She is a Circassian, born 1926 in the village Pehgatlukay of the

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Ponezhukavskogo raion of the Autonom Adygeyskij oblasti.

My work as a recruiter for the Caucasian units of the German Army.

In Ploeshti we received all of a sudden an order from the Germans to surrender our wagons and horses to the German army. This was a terrific blow to our entire group of escapees. I simply could not do this and therefore stepped down from my post. My brother had a certificate of health which stated that he was suffering from TB in a severe form. I claimed this certificate as mine and with its help obtained a travel order to a Caucasian Volunteer Unit near Berlin. The German commandant issued a travel order for me and five other people. I took with me my brother, my wife and three people from our native village.

June/July 1944 we all arrived in Berlin where I reported to a North Caucasian Committee which gave shelter to my travel companions. I myself went to the H.Q. of the Caucasian Volunteer Units and met there Major General Heidendorf. He is at the present time in Western Germany. He offered me the job of a recruiter for the Caucasian Volunteer Legion. All new recruited people had to be dispatched to a place near Warsaw. The recruitment was supposed to take place in the camps in Austria, Hungary and CSR. Having received this order I gathered my group and August/September we arrived in Hungary. I was there busy for 1 1/2 month. I also was in Vienna and Graz but never went to the CSR. I was not able to recruit any body because by now it had become apparent that Germany was about to loose the war. 1944 I left Hungary and returned without being able to show any successes to Berlin. My group remained in Hungary. I reported to General Heidendorf who became highly indignant about my performance and ordered me to return to him the following day. Which I never did. In the Committee for the Northern Caucasus I met Colonel Ulagay. He was Circassian and colonel of the old Czar army. Later on he had become rather famous in Albania. Now he was a colonel of the SS and Division Commander of a North Caucasus Division which was in the process of assembling. His superior was a German Standartenfuehrer (colonel) Teiermann. The latter promised to call up General Heidendorf and inform him that I had joined the SS. Heidendorf never bothered me anymore.

With the consent of Teiermann Ulagay gave me the rank of "Ober-sturm-fuehrer der Waffen SS" and I was again supposed to recruit Caucasians, but now for this division. There were recruiters a plenty. Among them a Shalmanov who is now in Turkey,

...who later was turned over to the Soviets. I ... again in Austria and Hungary.

...in Austria I established my office in Harko-Kopaza. ... my group - including my wife and three fellows, ... themselves mostly with black marketing. ... cigarettes from Hungary into Austria. No recruit- ... because nobody wanted to volunteer. So we lived ... 1945.

The retreat of our groups into Austria.

March 1945 the German Army started her general retreat. ... my group to go to the Austrian city Villach where ... was living at that time. On our way there ... birth to a baby. We stopped in the village Neudorf ... there we learned that Ulagay's SS Division had ... to Italy and was stationed near the town of ... We decided not to join them, but to wait for the end ... there.

Our SS Div. and many other escapees moved now from Italy ... Austria and got themselves quarters near Drauburg. End ... 1945 our group joined them, but my father-in-law re- ... Villach.

Our flight to Italy

May 1945 Germany surrendered. Our camp in Ober Drauburg sheltered about 10,000 emigres. Because this was the assembly point for the people from the North Caucasus. May 1 the first English motorcyclists appeared. Rumors started spreading that the English are going to turn over all Soviet citizens to the Soviets. To forestall this danger a committee was elected which had besides me the following members:

1. Dolecheriy Talkeshev - the former president of Kabardino-Balkarien during the reign of the Germans.
2. Nuh Panesh - former town mayor of the Poneshukarvsky raion of the Adygeyskoy oblasti. Later on he moved to England.
3. Yunus Govmiz - a former member of the Caucasian Committee in the Ukraine and Bjelorussia. He has gone to the USA.
4. Yusuf Huako - Mulla of a Circassian colony. Was deported by the Soviets.
5. Dzhash, I do not remember his name. He was turned over to the Soviets.

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Under the leadership of Talkeshev this group developed the following plan: The inhabitants of the camp should be divided into groups of 100-200 people and these groups should be scattered about the whole neighbourhood. Provided the English would start deporting some groups, the others would get then a timely warning, which would enable them to go into hiding. The English learned about our plan and our whole committee was arrested, including me; as a former soldier I was brought at once in a POW camp in Spittal. The rest of the arrested were kept in the same camp, but put under guard.

They started to transport the POW in trucks to Italy, simultaneously some Soviet officers from the repatriation commission began to make propaganda for a return to Soviet Russia. The danger of repatriation became imminent. I decided to leave this camp. The people sent to Italy were loaded into the trucks without any accompanying papers. Therefore it was very easy for me to board such an outgoing truck. When the truck passed through Villach and drove there along a brick wall I jumped out of the truck and leaped over the wall. The guards being about 15 trucks behind did not notice my disappearance. They kept on going. Behind this wall I saw a German girl to whom I explained who I am and why I am trying to escape. She took me into her home and there I exchanged my uniform for civilian clothing. Having done this I went to the Park Hotel in search for my father-in-law who used to live in this place. But, he was not there and now my position had become really desperate. At this very day I met on the street an old acquaintance of mine, a Greek Yurka who used to live before the war 6 kilometers from our village and who had also gone West. Now he was working on a farm and living in a labour camp in Villach. He took me into his camp and introduced me to other Greeks who were deported from Greece. Yurka told me also that my father-in-law had moved from Villach to Liserchhofen near Spittal. The next day he drove me up there. My father-in-law lived there in a camp for "Ostarbeiter". I remained with him for three days. We both decided to bring my wife from the camp in Oberdrauburg to us. We dispatched a Ukrainian girl for this job. On the third day she returned with my wife and my child. When the Circassians in the camp Oberdrauburg learned our whereabouts, immediately about 40 of them run away and joined us. After 4 to 5 days we all decided to go to Villach and join there the Greeks. We were planning to disguise ourselves as Greeks and as such become repatriated to Greece. The Greeks had a contact in the local "Arbeitsamt" (Employment Office) - a German girl who could be bribed to issue false documents. I got in contact with her and she promised to issue for a payment of 500 marks the following document to every member of our group. "The Greek national

Mr. (so and so) has actually worked on the railroad station in Vienna as a forced labourer in accordance with the orders of the Arbeitsamt. Having received this document for our entire group I went to the English Red Cross and received there the permit to go to the city of Bari in Italy where a Greek Consul was residing. This document had to be presented to the English M.P. unit with the number PSS-62. Some sergeant there stamped and registered our Red Cross document and we all left for Italy.

My different tries to emigrate to some country.

Around July 1945 the group arrived in Bari, Italy, included my brother, my father-in-law, my wife and the Greek Yurka. When I went to the Greek Consul he noticed at once that I was not able to speak Greek and therefore had never lived in Greece. He did not refused the entry visa outright but said he has to ask his Government. We filled out some questionnaires. A month later we received the definite refusal. Around August 1945 we all went to Naples to see the Turkish Consul there, but he even refused to let us in, because he had been bothered too much by people like us who wanted to go to Turkey. However, they advised me to see the Turkish Ambassador in Rome. But he also refused to give me an entry visa. My group was now in a desperate position. We all gathered under a tree near the Catacombs in order to spend the night there.

Next day I met on the local bazaar a Russian blackmarketeer. From him I learned that I did not have to be afraid of anything in Italy, that the Vatican protected the DP's and that he even maintains some houses to shelter them. However, these houses were over crowded and we could not be admitted, so I rented a room for my family from an Italian. The address was Cecilia Metella 3. There we remained for two months. I succeeded in getting my brother into a TB sanatorium.

The police of Rome gave me the permission to live in the city. First we got only a temporary permit but later an unlimited one. This document is still in my possession. November 1945 I moved into a separate apartment on Via Appia 87 where I remained until October 1947. During this period most of the DP's we included made their living with black-marketeering.

1947 a great danger arose that Italy might be taken over by the Communists. This would have meant a complete disaster to us, D.P.'s. Therefore I began to look around very energetically for some possibility of emigration. I made inquiries

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in the consulates of Venezuela, Argentine, Paraguay, and Swiss, but without any success. October 1947 our group delegated me and issued me the proper credentials for going to Egypt and negotiating there about our moving to Egypt. My credentials were validated by the Italian Red Cross, and as a result of this the Egyptian consul issued me the entry visa. But Egypt refused to take the Circassian DP's. In Kairo I went to the Chief of the Moslem Brotherhood Hassan Venna to ask him for help. He advised me to try to emigrate to Jordan since there were already 10,000 Circassians. I followed his advice. The Jordanian Consul in Kairo gave me an entry visa to Jordan and I left for Amman. There the minister of interior was a Circassian. He received me, listened to me and led me to the King Abdullah. Having received my report he gave the permission to my group to come to Jordan. A special decree concerning this matter was issued.

In Amman I went to the local Circassian colony and collected there money for our trip from Italy to Jordan. I was able to get 2950 Dinar, which was just enough to cover the expenses of our trip. I paid the money for the trip in the shipping company "Adriatica", and returned to Rome in November 1947.

My life in Jordan.

The Consul of the United Kingdom issued me an entry visa to Jordan in Rome. December 1947 our group consisting of 67 people arrived in Haifa. From there we went to Amman. I moved into the house of the Circassian Hamil Bei Dzhambek. I had no job until February 1948. All this time the above mentioned Circassian fed and sheltered me.

February/March 1948 I got a job as an procurment agent with the Iraq Petroleum Co. in Mafrak. There I stayed till December 1949, on which date I was laid off because the company ceased to work there.

17 January 1950 till April 16, 1952 I worked in the municipality of Amman as a supervisor of the labour force. I was laid off because this position became eliminated too.

April 16, 1952 till the middle of 1953 I was unemployed. At that time I was given back my old job where I worked till June 1, 1955.

During my unemployment time I was able to secure relief from the UNRA playing the role of a Palestinian refugee.

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During my entire stay in Jordan I never met any real communists, however, I did meet some people who were sympathetic to the aspirations of the Soviets. The Circassian youth was longing to return to the Caucasus--their home country. They came to me in great numbers in order to hear from me about the Caucasus and all what was going on there.

Once I was invited by Dzhaudet Hatyb, the deputy chief of the passport division in the municipality of Amman. This position he is holding up to now. He showed me an English journal issued during the war which had a picture of Stalin and a picture of the May parade in Moscow where the entire Supreme Soviet was standing on top of Lenin's Mausoleum. The host was full of praises for the gallantry of the Soviet Army in the war against Hitler. I did not like this. Besides, he had not a single picture of his own monarch in his house. And I told him so:

"If you would be a true Circassian you would hate not only the communists but all the Russians, because they all have been enemies of our people and of our country. The Russian Czar has taken our liberty away but the communists are going to kill our entire nation. You, yourself, are an emigre who has left our country fleeing from the Russian occupational forces. Therefore we should not have any sympathies whatsoever neither with the Russians nor with the Communists."

After this speech I never went to him again.

I tried to discourage the Circassians in going to Soviet movie pictures. I wrote anti-communist articles in the local press, as for instance in the Arabian newspaper "Ordun" and in a Armenian monthly journal. February 1952 I got elected as a delegate from Jordan to the Committee of Nationalities from the Northern Caucasus in Munich. The credentials are still with me.

June 1925 upon my recommendation the Circassian Josfi Bei Mirza was elected as a delegate to this committee, besides that he was and still is the Circassian representative in the parliament of Jordan. He was the official delegate and I his deputy, but most of the practical work was done by me. The main job of such a delegate is to conduct anti-soviet propaganda not only in Jordan but also among all the Mohammedans.

My trips abroad

During my stay in Jordan I went about 3 or 4 times to Beirut (Lebanon) in order to bring my sick brother to the TB hospital Behanes. Sometimes my brother stayed there for two weeks but usually only for a couple of days, because he was afraid to die so far away from all his relatives. In 1953 or 1954 my brother was operated in the French Hospital of Amman on his right lung.

At the present time he is much improved and is planning to come to the USA. I went always to Beirut through Damascus. Once I had to stop there, because my brother started coughing blood and to proceed further would have meant to endanger his life.

My life in the U.S.A.

June 26, 1955 I, my wife and our two kids entered the USA. We moved to Patterson, New Jersey, North Street 47-3 and stayed there on till August. I had no job, but there was a large Circassian colony which helped me over the first difficulties, besides that I had \$ 800.00 saved up prior to entering this country.

1955 I became a salesman in the Pioneer Furniture Co. in Clifton. I was making \$ 55 a week. On this job I had no success.

September 1955 I started working with Totov Motors. At nights I cleaned cars and during the day I sold cars.

October or beginning of November 1955 till February 1956 I was convalescing from a bad car accident in which my spine had been damaged. Doctor Martin Nemirov in New Jersey treated me.

February 1956 I started to learn the business of an insurance agent and beginning of March I passed the examination and received the permission to be an insurance agent in the states of New York and New Jersey. I joined the agent Co. Richard E. Meier which was representing the Mutual of New York. I worked with this company until June 29, 1958.

During this period I had the following interruption in my work:

1. From February to August 1957 a course in Ft. Meade.
2. From October to December 31, 1957 I was in Jordan to study the local market conditions.

My family consists of my wife, about whom I have already given all informations, and my four children: (1) Son Kazbek, born April 1, 1945 in Austria, (2) Daughter Susanna, born June 3, 1956 in Patterson, (3) Daughter Sarah, born June 10, 1949 in Marfak (Jordan), (4) Son Aslan, born October 31, 1957 in Paterson, N.J.

Starting from August 20, 1958 my wife has started working on a conveyor with the Universal Manufacturing Co., Paterson, 29 E. 6th Street.

The history of falsifications in my biography which have been used by me.

Everything I have said here so far is the unvarnished truth. There are no falsifications. However, up to now I used to tell some wrong things in relating my biography. They are as follow:

1. 1940 I changed my birthdate with the help of the secretary of our village Soviet, a remote relative of mine and stated that I was borne in 1921, in order to be drafted in the Army 3 years ahead of time. Therefore I was called before the draftboard in 1940 and registered. But I was not drafted but arrested. I never have used this version of my biography any more.

2. In August 1942 during the German occupation the Germans made me chief of our village police according to a recommendation of our "Council of the Elders." But I could hold this position only after I had changed my birthdate and said that I was born in 1918.

3. January 1943 when I joined the Volunteer 835th battalion of the German army I said wrongly, that I had finished the Military Academy in Ordshonikidze and was a lieutenant in the RKKA. Based on this I became at once platoon commander. Due to this change in my biography the German command held me in such a high esteem that it entrusted me always with position of great responsibility. Or in other words having changed my biography I was able to secure me much better positions with the Germans. Such a change in my biography could not be retracted any more but had to be developed further on.

4. I had to use the same story in filling out my documents for entering the USA.

5. I had to tell this story to the Press Attache of the American Embassy in Amman, because I had used it in my documents and the new version was widely known among my friends and co-patriots.

6. Living in the USA I had to use this same version even in my talks with this organization. I have used this version of my biography about four times but my story of being born in 1918 I used only when it was unavoidable. Arriving in Ft Meade I was scared to tell the truth because I was afraid of deportation. I knew that I was acting dishonest but I consoled myself with the thought that I did not basically have any bad intentions and did not want to harm anybody.

When I was forced to tell the salary which I allegedly

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received as a lieutenant in the RKKA, I had not the slightest idea what it could have been, so I named 2,600 rubles. Later it turned out that this amount was about four times too much. The name of the commander of the 44th Division Major-General Trachenko and the name of the commander of 305 Regiment Legkodukh I got from a friend a Circassian Yakuba Idris who actually had served in these units. I myself, did not know the location of these units and in which battles they actually had participated. The names of the commander of the 1st Battalion Bakhirov and the name of the commander of the 3rd company Savchenko are just names which I happened to remember. Bakhirov was the chief of our raion NKVD division. He was a sworn enemy of our family and I never can forget his name. Savchenko was the second secretary of the party raion committee. His name I cannot forget either.

Why did I decide to drop these different stories?

I did not stop telling these stories and told the truth instead because I was pushed with my back against the wall or had gotten mixed up, but my conscience was bothering me. I had come to the conclusion that my present status is not determined by my rank of a lieutenant in the Soviet Army or by my education but only by my personal abilities. Among the other participants on the courses there were people who never had been a lieutenant, but still were held in high esteem by the Americans. Besides that I reached the conclusion that the Americans are not going to deport me as long as they value me.

Written October 22, 1958

A.A.R.